

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE,
Bloomfield, N. J.

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THE
SATURDAY GAZETTE,
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OF LITERATURE,
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AND LOCAL INTERESTS.

It is generally acknowledged to be the equal of the best newspapers published, and superior to most country papers. It is a matter of pride to these towns which it so ably and well represents.

To sustain these positions, it would be easy to give a large selection from opinions of its readers and patrons which constantly come to hand. But the paper will speak for itself.

Subscription price, \$2 a year or \$1 for six months.

W. M. P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

In the Matter of the Petition of Robert M. Hening, Guardian of Alfred P. De Tene, a Lunatic, for the Sale of Real Estate.

An order for Sale.

The sale of property in the above stated matter is directed to take place at the Court House at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the same place, at the same hour, on the premises on the southeast corner of Mountain Avenue and Union Street, in Montclair, Essex County, N. J.

ROBERT M. HENING, Guardian.

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Bank, Insurance, &c.

North Ward National Bank

OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

THIS institution commenced business on the 24th of February last, in the Rhodes Building, No. 440 Broad Street, nearly opposite the E. & R. R. Depot. It is very conveniently located for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facilities in Newark.

DIRECTORS.

H. M. Rhodes, C. A. Fuller,
J. G. Darling, Wm. Titus,
E. L. McNaughton,
J. Ward Woodruff, Joseph Feder,
F. T. Loomis, Joseph M. Smith,
Sam. F. Cross, Joseph Conitt,

George Roe, Gnomos Roe, Cashier,
Mar. 1-17

PEOPLE'S

Savings Institution,

445 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, a dividend at the rate of

7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM,

was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st of November, payable on or after November 18th, and if not drawn to be counted as principal from November 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st, will draw interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President,
ALEXANDER GRANT, Treasurer

CITIZENS'

Insurance Company,

443 BROAD STREET,

Newark, N. J.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.

ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.

JAS. J. DARLING, President.

A. P. SCHARFF, Secretary.

C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.

173617

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.

NEWARK, N. J.

Statement, January 1st, 1873

Balance as per statement, Jan. 1, 1872, \$23,341,726.51

Received for premiums during the year 1872, \$3,544,168.51

Received for interest during the year 1872, 1,324,116.18

Received for dividends during the year 1872, 770.99

Total receipts for 1872, \$25,660,055.68

Paid claims by death, \$1,011,444.72

Paid dividends, 40,301.11

Paid for expenses, 300,000.00

Paid for advertising and printing, 64,004.90

Paid for contingent expenses, 5,845.90

Paid for postage and express, 11,051.49

Paid for rent and interest, 6,644.00

Paid for commissions to agents, 400,942.38

Paid for salaries, 30,382.32

Paid for annuities, 1,963.70

Paid for return premiums, 1,600,000.00

Total disbursements, \$4,375,063.91

Balance on hand, \$20,284,991.67

Assets, \$25,250,000.00

Check on hand, \$20,717.94

Real estate, 140,000.00

United States bonds, 1,851,500.00

State bonds, 4,138,000.00

Bonds and mortgages, 10,324,307.70

Loans on hand, 6,062,970.90

Loans on deposit, 1,425.41

Total assets, \$25,250,000.00

Interest due and accrued, \$24,000.00

Premiums due and accrued, 100,000.00

Not yet received, 100,000.00

Policy of reinsurance, 100,000.00

Policy of reinsurance, 100,000.00

Policy of reinsurance, 100,000.00

Policy of reinsurance, 100,000.00

Policy of reinsurance, 100,000.00

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Lost and Found.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

[CONTINUED.]

"It was derogatory even to think of it," interrupted Lady Sophia. "I strive to impress that upon you, Colonel, before you went."

"My dear Edward was so bent upon it; and I thought there might be mitigating circumstances. If the girl had had twenty or thirty thousand pounds told down with her, all well that ends well. Channing refuses to give her any until his death, so the matter is at an end."

"Why does he refuse?" asked the Captain, with a very blank look.

"He told me he should give her none before he died, and that what there would be for her then, the precise amount, he really could not state. And he proceeded to ask me, in a tone of resentment, if I had come there to make a barter for his daughter."

"I hope this will cure you of looking for a wife in a plebeian family, son Edward," observed Lady Sophia. "Your brothers have married women of title—and I am sick and tired of advising you to do the same. It would not have been convenient to them to receive Miss Channing as a sister-in-law. Who are these Channings? Nobody. He was nothing but a country parson; it is only since he got this chapel that even their name has been heard of."

"But Miss Channing will surely have money, sir," remonstrated Captain Hare, passing over his mother's remarks without comment.

"Whether she will have a thousand pounds, or whether she will have fifty thousand, is nothing to us," was Colonel Hare's reply. "You cannot marry her upon the uncertainty. I should never give my consent. I tell you—indeed, I told you before—that my only inducement was the hope that she might be a large fortune. You must give her up."

"Well—if there's no help for it, I don't feel inclined to marry the best girl that ever stepped, unless she can bring grist to the mill."

"There's plenty of time for you to think of marrying," cried Lady Sophia. "I cannot imagine what put such a thing in your head. Pray forget this nonsensical episode of romance, Edward."

"I suppose I must," said the young officer to himself. "But she was a devoted nice girl, and I took it for granted the old parson would give her lots of tin."

"So, little wonder that Captain Hare was drawing to a close. Miss Channing was waiting, in exuberant spirits—so far as anything appeared to the contrary. He came up to her when she was fast. She was standing in the recess of the bow window, which opened upon a small terrace filled with exotics—a London apology for a garden. At the moment no one was there but herself, so they were comparatively alone. Captain Hare took her hand in silence."

"I thought you told me you should be here early," she exclaimed.

"I did mean to be. But—as things have turned out—I don't know whether I ought to have appeared at all, and lost time deliberating. Then an irresistible impulse seized me to come and bid you a last farewell. And why not? Nobody here knows what has passed, or will be the result."

Had he spoken in Hebrew, words could not have been much more intelligible to Miss Channing.

"Did me farewell," she repeated. "I don't understand. Is your regiment ordered abroad?"

"Neither do I understand, dear Miss Channing. Perhaps you have not seen Dr. Channing?" he exclaimed, after a pause, as a sudden idea occurred to him.

"I have not seen papa since the middle of the day."

"You are not ignorant, dear Miss Channing, that I had set my heart and mind upon you," he repeated, gazing steadily at her and lowering his voice to a whisper. "I do not think you could have mistaken my sentiments, although they were only implied."

Her blushing cheek and downcast eye told that she had not.

"And now to have these delightful hopes knocked on the head by two crabs old fathers is almost more than mortal ought to stand. I can only hope you will not feel so."

A cold shiver of dismay ran through the heart of Margaret Channing. "I am not quite sure what it is you mean," she faltered.

"What a blessing if there were no such thing as money in the world! My father called on Dr. Channing this afternoon to open negotiations, and the two must get differing about the base metal part of the transaction. So he came home, laid his embargo on me, and ordered me to consign you to the regions of forgetfulness. You will, no doubt, receive the same command, as to me, from Dr. Channing. The unfortunate hard stuff that fathers are made of. I should not entirely prevent the expression of her wounded feelings struggling to her face. Captain Hare saw this, and spoke with more feeling than he had hitherto displayed."

"Dear Miss Channing, I am deeply sorry for this termination of our valued friendship. I should have been proud and happy to call you my wife, and that I may not do so, believe me, no fault of mine. I may not regret this day to the last hour of my life. And now I will say farewell; it is painful to me to linger here, as it must be painful to you."

He wrung her hand, and quitted the room; and Margaret Channing's spirit sank within her. Confused visions of the true heart she had thrown away for nothing rose before her in bitter mockery. One came up and claimed her for the dance; she did not know what she answered, save that it was an abrupt refusal. She sank down in a sort of apathy, and presently she discerned her father making his way towards her.

"I suppose you are not ready to go home, Margaret?"

"Oh yes I am, papa. My head aches with the heat, as it did yesterday in church. I shall be glad to go."

"Then my good night to Mrs. Goldingham, and come."

"Thankfully," she muttered to herself. "Anything to be done."

Until they were nearly at home Dr. Channing was silent, leaving back in his corner of the carriage. It was in sight when he raised himself to speak.

"A pretty sort of a high and mighty fellow that Colonel Hare is! Do you know what he wanted?"

"No," was Margaret's answer.

"Wanted me to undertake to give you twenty thousand pounds down on your wedding-day, condescendingly intimating that it might be settled upon you. I told him I should not do it; that what would come to you would come at my death, and so forth."

"And then," repeated Margaret, in a low, pathetic sort of voice, "what did he say then?"

"Then he stiffly rose, said the proposal he had hoped to make on behalf of his son must remain unmade, and so marched out. They are a proud, stuck-up set, Margaret; we are better off without them."

"Perhaps we are."

"You do not regret it, child?" he asked, a shade of anxiety visible in his voice.

"Papa, I do not regret Captain Hare. I do not really care for him."

II.

It was a foggy day in November, sixteen or seventeen months subsequent to the above events. The dusk of evening was drawing on, and Margaret Channing sat in front of a large fire, her eyes fixed dreamily on the red coals. What did she see in them? Was she tracing out the fatal mistake she had made? She had been a sad, sad girl since then.

Never but once since had she seen Adam Grainger, and that was at the house of a mutual friend. He had addressed her in a more friendly and polite tone than he would have used to greet a stranger, and in a few minutes quitted the house, although he had gone there with the intention of spending the evening. It is probable he was aware that money matters had been the stumbling block to her proposed union with Captain Hare, since the fact had become known at the time. Margaret despised herself thoroughly for the despicable part she had played. She was endowed with sound sense and good feeling, and she now believed that a species of mania must have come over her. But she had repented her punishment, for her heart's sunshine had gone out with Adam Grainger.

Adam Grainger had this day caused her mind to revert more particularly to the past; the announcement in the public papers of the marriage of Captain Hare. He had wedded a high-born lady, one of his own order. Strange to say, Miss Channing had not received an offer of marriage since that prodigal day which had brought her two; strange, because she was a hand some and popular girl, occupying a good position, and looked upon as a fortune. The neglect caused her no regret; and it is a question whether she would have said "Yes," had such been offered her. Thought and experience had come to Margaret Channing and she knew, now, that something besides wealth and grandeur was necessary to constitute the happiness of married life. She had learned, also, to be less fond of gaiety than formerly; she had become awake to the startling truth that life cannot be made up of pleasure and indulged with it; that it has earnest duties which call imperatively for fulfillment. So Margaret sat over the fire this evening in her usual reflective, but not thankful or repining mood; if the last year or two could come over again, how differently would she act! She was interrupted by the entrance of her father. He drew an easy chair close to the fire and sat down absently.

"Margaret, I wish you would write a note for me. I cannot go out this evening as I promised. Write and say so. I don't feel well; and it is so cold to-day."

"Dear papa!" exclaimed Margaret in surprise. "It is quite warm; a sunny, close day. I was thinking how uncomfortable this great fire had made the room."

"I tell you, child, it is cold, wretchedly cold. Or else I have caught cold and feel so. What have you rung for?"

"For lights, papa. I cannot see to write."

"Don't have them yet; I cannot bear them; my head and eyes are aching. There's no hurry about the note for this hour or two."

Margaret sat down again. Dr. Channing was leaning back in the chair, his hands in a listless attitude, and his eyes closed. She gently touched one of the hands. It was burning with fever.

"Papa! I fear indeed you have taken cold. Let me send for Mr. Williams."

"Now there you go, Margaret, jumping to extremes," was the peevish rejoinder.

"What do I want with a doctor? If I should be all right in the morning."

Dr. Channing was not "all right" in the morning. Margaret was worse, and unable to rise. His daughter, without asking this time, sent for Mr. Williams. Before two days had elapsed Mr. Williams brought a physician; and the physician brought another. Dr. Channing was in imminent danger.

Margaret scarcely left his bedside, though she would not allow herself to fear; hope was strong within her. In little more than a week, Dr. Channing was dead. And had died without a last farewell, for since the third day of his illness he had not recognised even Margaret.

Margaret had borne up bravely, but now she was utterly cast down, more so than many of a weaker mind have been. It was so sudden! A fortnight, nay, even ten days ago, he was full of health and life, and now stretched there! Her senses could scarcely grasp the appalling fact that this was a reality.

She had no near relatives to turn to for comfort in her sorrow. Plenty of acquaintances; plenty of carriages driving to the door and condolences and condolences; but these are no solace to the stricken heart. In one respect it was well for Margaret that she was alone. Had there been any one to act for her, she would have lain down unresistingly to give way to her grief; as it was, she was compelled to be up and doing. There were so many things to be thought of, so many orders to give.

The funeral must be settled, and Margaret must see the undertaker. She was inexperienced in these matters, but thought, in her honor and affection for the dead, that she could not give orders for a too sumptuous procession. It was a very common mistake.